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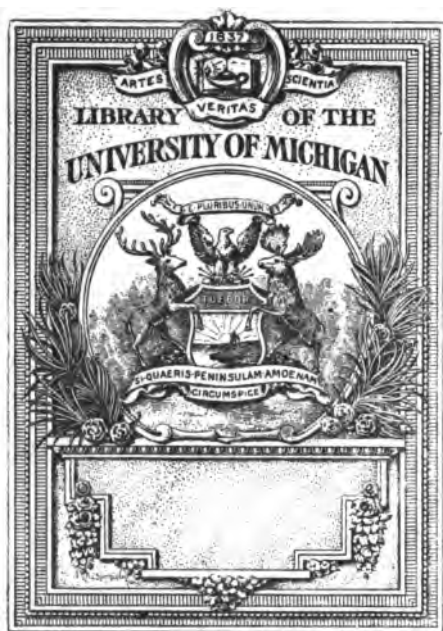
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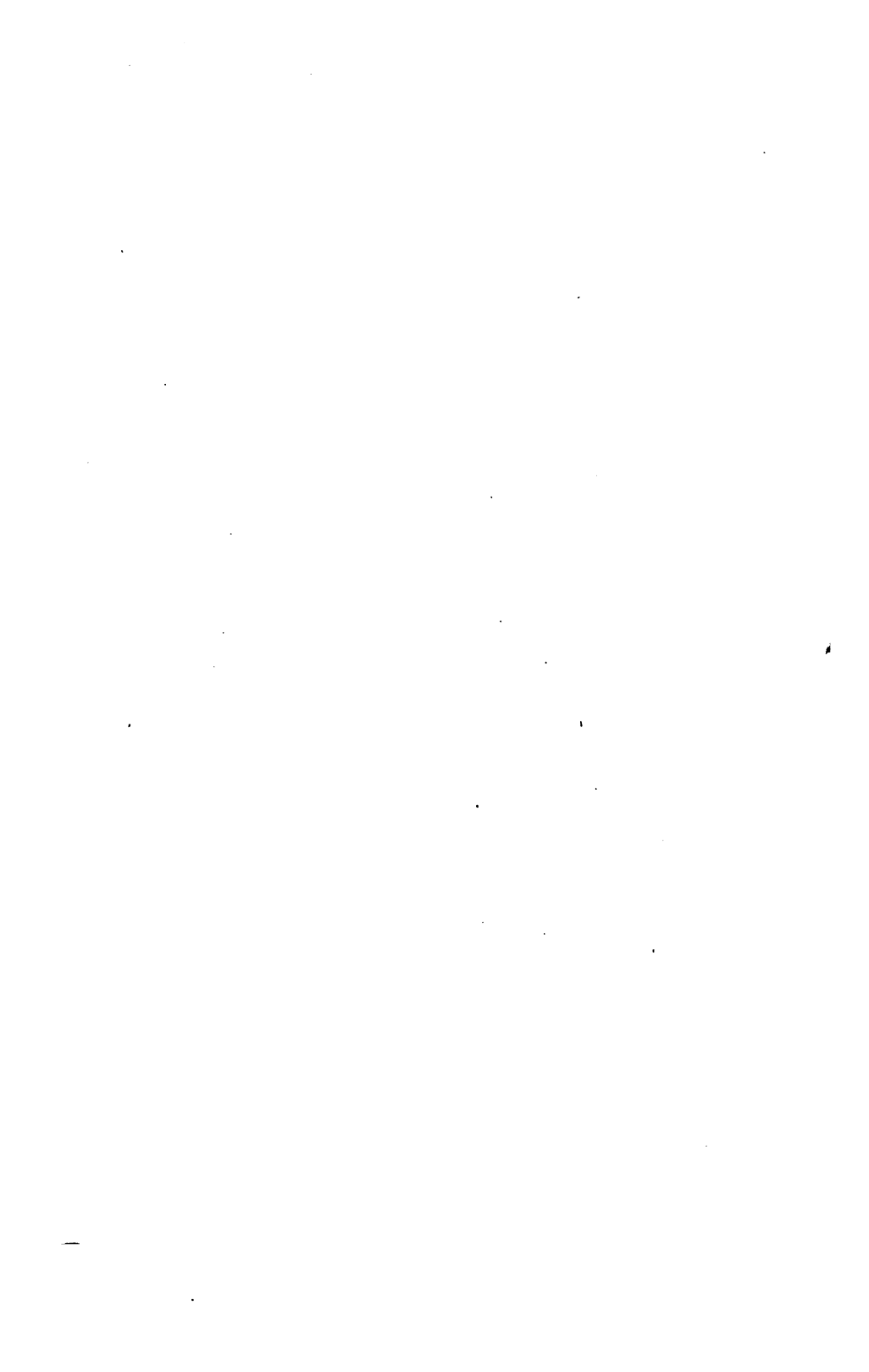
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1700



"I in these flowery meads would be,  
These crystal streams should solace me."  
—Walton.

U of M

# Rhymes *of* the Stream and Forest



*By*

FRANK MERTON BUCKLAND





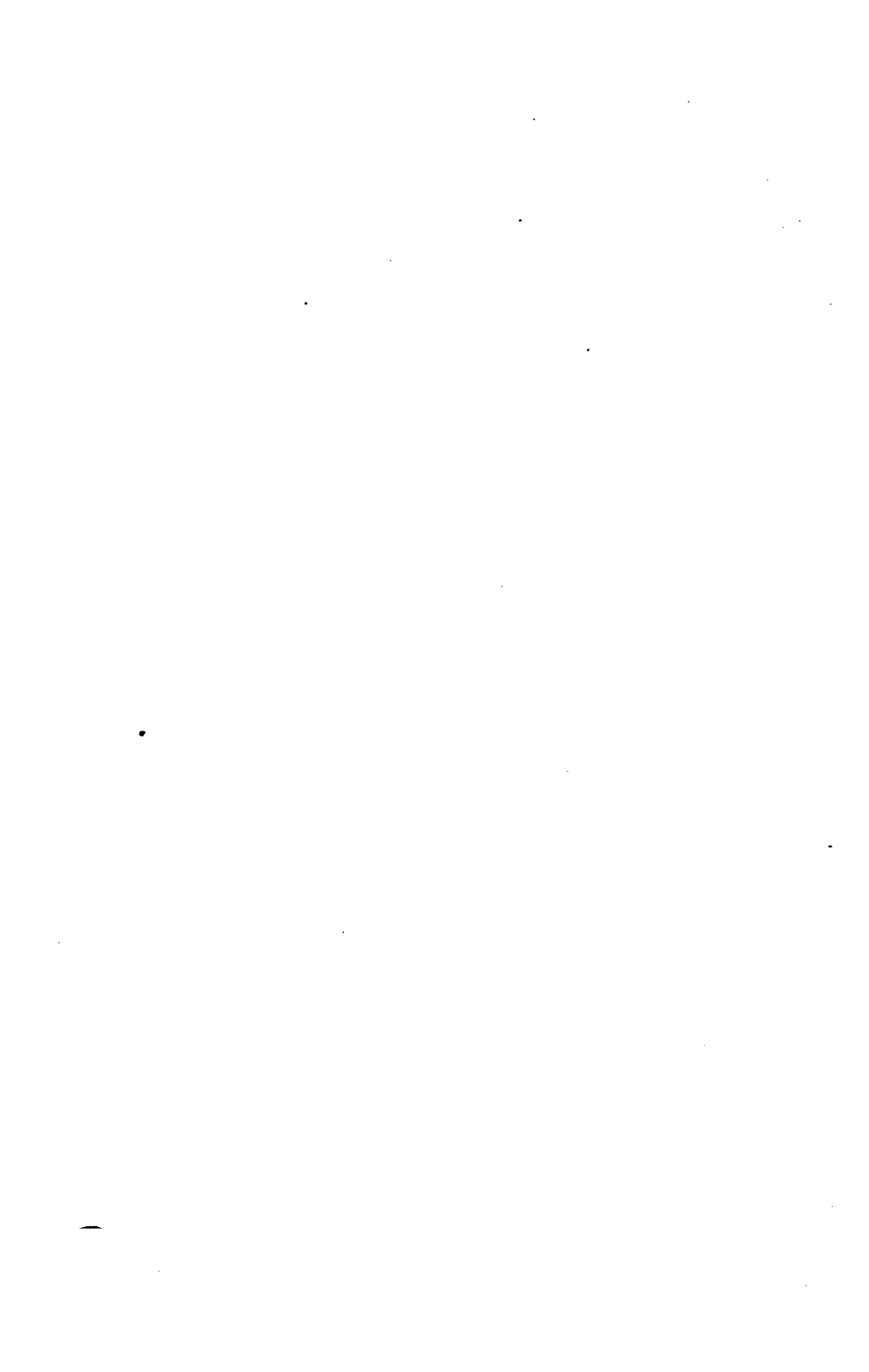
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202150



To My Mother



## Foreword

**T**O those who love the forest, and who find a rare companionship in the murmur of a flowing stream, there come moods when that love and companionship seek expression in attempted rhyme. Let such be my apology for that herein contained.

The inspiration, if such there be, of what I have written, has come from the forests and the streams, themselves. The actual writing, in most cases, having been first done upon some stray bit of paper, found in my camp-kit or in the pocket of my fishing coat.

The reason for the present form of publication lies in the fact that most anglers cherish those rhymes, however crude, that treat of their beloved recreation, or of the grandeur of Nature. Because of this fact I have here, in reproducing the essential features of a Fly-book, endeavored to present a means whereby such rhymes, wherever found, may be preserved.

Within the pocket, where in the actual Fly-book are found the leaders and various other necessities of the angler's art, may be preserved magazine and newspaper clippings. Again, within the ordinary Fly-book are found blank leaves separating those containing the multi-colored assortment of flies. Such blank pages in this present volume are intended for whatever copying or original verse it may be desired to preserve.



## **Voices of the Stream and Forest**

Voice of the Stream! What measured sweetness lies  
Within the spell of thy rare harmony.  
What fancies of the long-gone past arise,  
When to the ear is born thy melody.

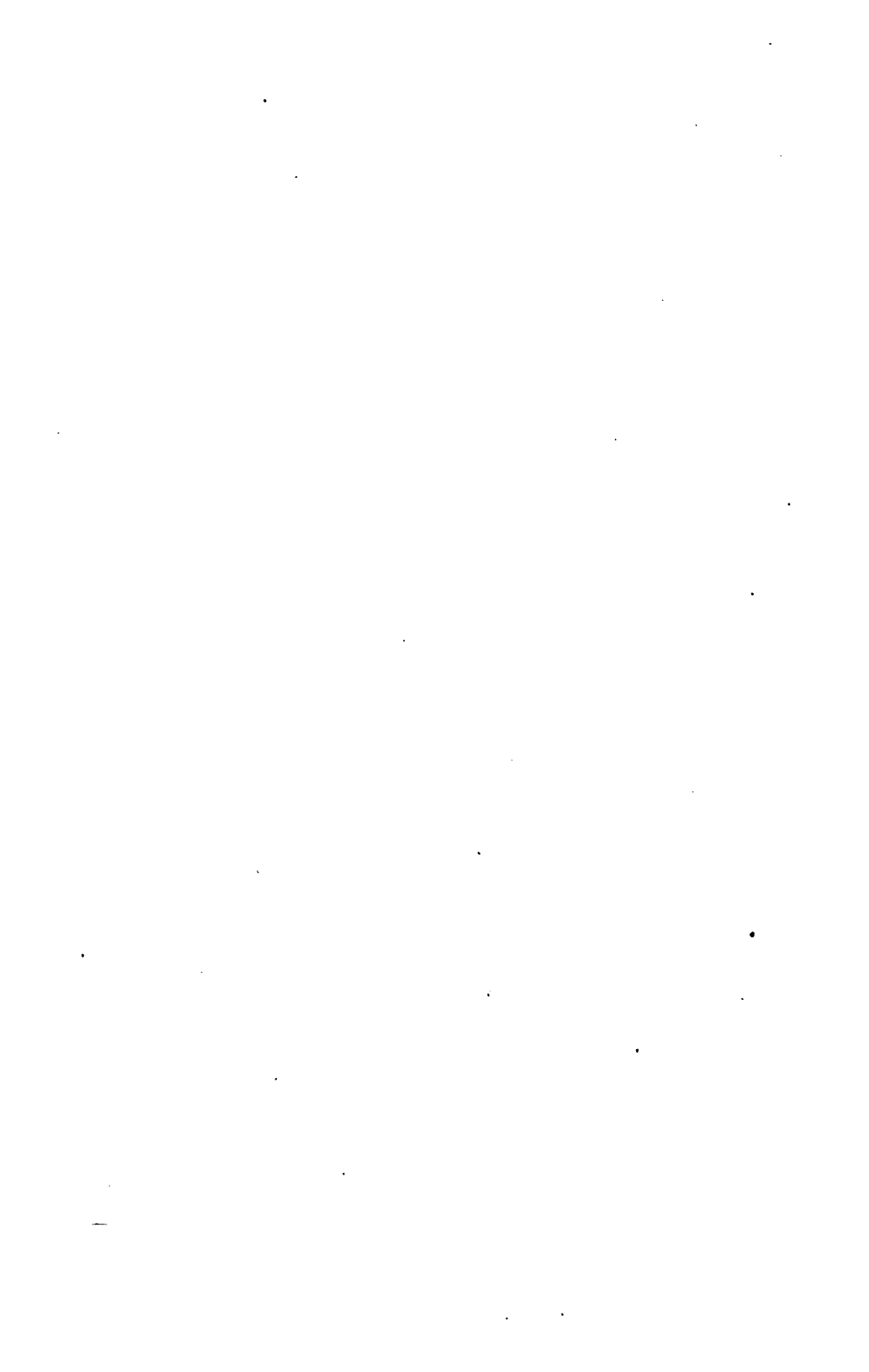
Voice of the Forest! Whose half-heard refrain,  
Steals on the sense in whispered mystery:  
Would that around my soul might fall again  
The charm of thy breeze-murmured witchery.





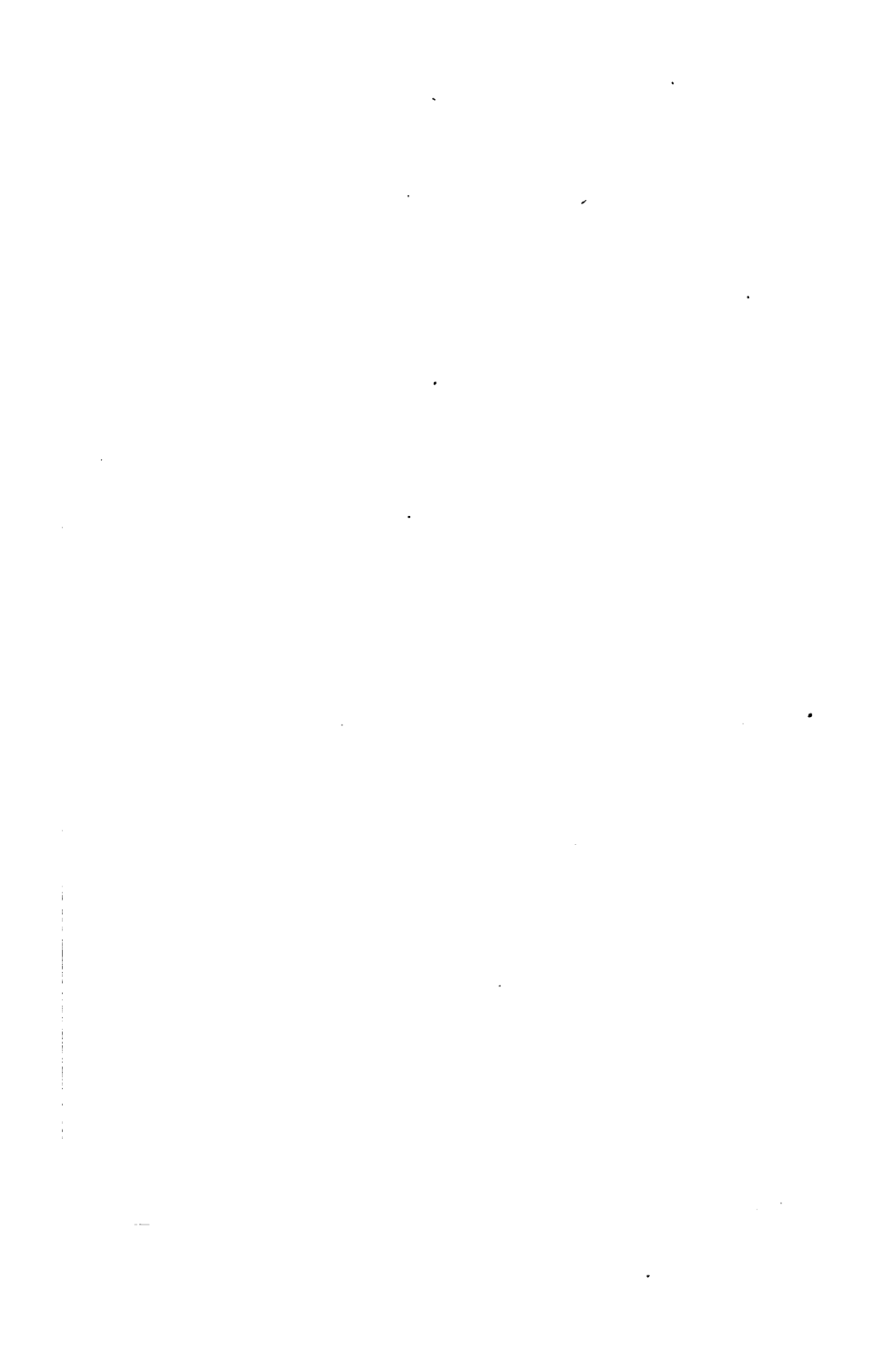
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## The Silent Places

I love the silent places where the trees  
With moss-encrusted trunks, their ranks re-  
peat,  
Where whispers low, from every passing breeze  
Seem but to make the silence more complete.

I love to roam far from the paths of men,  
To feel the heart-throb of the ancient wood,  
To stand perhaps within some shadowed glen  
Where once of old some painted warrior stood.

I love to thread the dim-lit forest aisles,  
Whose arch on arch, their shadowed mysteries  
hold,  
To feel, beneath these vaulted tangled wilds,  
As in the spell of some cathedral old.

Old Forest Paths! I love your hidden ways,  
Your mystery that thrills my whole soul  
through,  
To be alone within your tangled maze,  
To be alone with Nature's God, and you.



## **The Stream's Enchantment**

When deep within a tangled forest  
I find a crystal moss-rimmed stream,  
There for a time I sit and wonder,  
Wondering, rest I there and dream.

While o'er the mossy stones the waters  
Sing sweetly as they glide away,  
Their magic then once more brings o'er me,  
Fond memories of a by-gone day.

From out the murmur of the waters,  
Voices of friends I used to know  
There once again, seem they to call me  
Back to those days of long ago.

The stream, the moss-grown bank, the forest  
Then from my vision slowly fade,  
Once more in fancy am I roaming  
Where boyhood's happy scenes were laid.

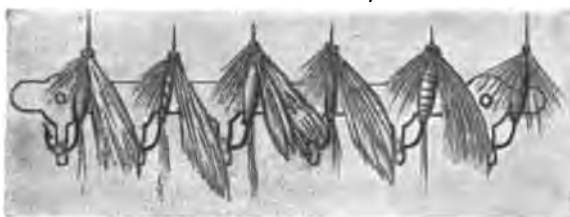
*Rhymes of the Stream and Forest.*

The stream where first I learned of fishing,  
The pond o'er which the willow hung,  
The swimmin' hole, the elm above it  
From where in June the robin sung.

The scent of daisies from the meadow,  
The bobolink's clear melody.  
The quail's far call from out the pasture,  
The breath of that fair Summer's day.

The wood where in the Fall we gathered  
The nuts among the fallen leaves,  
The spell of Winter o'er the woodland,  
Its hush again my soul receives.

Then do you wonder that I love it,  
Sweet music of a forest stream,  
That 'round my soul weaves such enchantment,  
The gladness of a boyhood dream.





## Walton's Angler

Old Walton! Here within thy book what sweetness lies.

What whispered fancies here from out thy pages rise,

Of waters flowing peacefully 'neath summer skies.

Of shadowed nooks upon some quiet river's shore,

Where far from deafening tumult of the city's roar,

One turns for rest when for a time his task is o'er.



*Rhymes of the Stream and Forest.*

Of meadows freshened by the gently falling rain,  
Of wayside inns, where old-time friends meet  
once again,  
To crack a merry jest or sing some old refrain.

In fancy thus I catch the flowing river where,  
Bathed by the incense of the perfume-laden air,  
You, Walton, stand in pure contentment fishing  
there.





## The Trout's Beauty

You may sing of the glory of jewels,  
Of the flash of the diamond's ray,  
Of the lights that glow in the western sky  
At the close of some perfect day.

You may sing of the splendors of daybreak,  
Of the tint of the tropic skies,  
Of the morning glow o'er some distant sea  
Where the drift of the cloud-bank lies.

But for me there's a far richer beauty  
With a wealth of color more rare  
Than the play of the fairest earth-won gem,  
Or the lights of the 'lumined air.

A rich beauty, the rarest in Nature,  
Or the wealth of an artist's dream,  
That is found in the glory of color  
Of a trout from some crystal stream.







## Fishing

You ask me, why I love this fishing,  
    Why, by some quiet stream I care to stray,  
When far from out the south a-blowing,  
    The wind comes gently at the break of day.

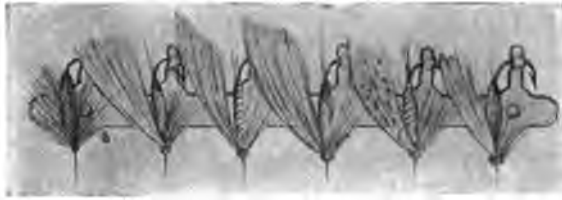
You ask me, why I love to harken  
    As o'er the mossy stones, the waters sing.  
Why, often there, I stop and ponder  
    The message that those laughing waters bring.

I answer: Have you tried this fishing,  
    When 'round your soul life's weary burdens  
    lie?

Have you gone forth and heard the waters  
    That sing of peace, beneath God's open sky?

Of peace and rest, rest for one weary.  
    Of strength to throw aside some long-borne  
    care.

That joy one only finds a-fishing,  
    Such have I found beside the waters there.



## Old Rod

Old rod, we've traveled many miles  
Since first we started out together,  
We've seen some fishing, you and I,  
In pleasant and in rainy weather.

We've started in the early dawn  
When other folks were still a-dreaming,  
We've caught the first rays of the sun  
Above the eastern tree-tops beaming.

We've brushed the dew from off the grass  
In May, when first the birds were singing,  
Such music, you and I have heard  
From out the waking woodland ringing!

We've heard the songs of many streams  
In woodland and in grass-grown meadow,  
The water purling o'er the stones  
We've seen in sunlight and in shadow.

*Rhymes of the Stream and Forest.*

We've seen the flowers that early grow  
Near where the water cold is running,  
We've found the May Flower's dainty star  
In dryer spots, its petals sunning.

We've felt the breath of early Spring,  
We've fished where Summer's streams were  
flowing,  
We've fished again, when o'er the land  
The late Fall winds were rudely blowing.

We've traveled home at dewey eve,  
Sometimes with basket full to brimming,  
More often, truth to tell, the fish  
We should have caught, were still a-swimming.





## The Forest Voices

I have heard of old the Forest Voices calling,  
In Spring's fair freshness and in Summer's  
deeper green.  
In the Autumn, when the ripened leaves were  
falling,  
And yet again, when Winter held the changing  
scene.

The moaning of the beaten storm-swept forest  
trees,  
The varied sounds of life within the shadowed  
wood,  
Of such are built the forest's wondrous sym-  
phonies,  
That heard by men, are yet but faintly under-  
stood.



*Rhymes of the Stream and Forest.*

Could I but catch the pine tree's whispered  
melody,  
The murmured singing of some crystal forest  
stream,  
Then would I rhyming build such perfect har-  
mony  
As once perhaps was heard in some sweet  
poet's dream.





## I'm A Longing

I'm a-longing for the magic of the hills,  
For the waters where the speckled fighters  
rise,  
For the murmur of the moss-rimmed hidden rills  
In the valley where the mountain shadow lies.

I'm a-longing for the balsam-scented breeze,  
For the fragrance of the moisture-laden air,  
For the network of the grand old forest trees,  
And the silence of the woods about one there.

I'm a-longing once again the trail to thread,  
Where the shadows of the trees unbroken lie,  
Where the moss sinks deep beneath the silent  
tread,  
And the coolness hides beneath the sultry sky.

Yes, I'm longing for those dear old hidden ways.  
In my dreams their hallowed spots again I see.  
Then I live once more those by-gone camping  
days,  
And anew, I catch the forest mystery.





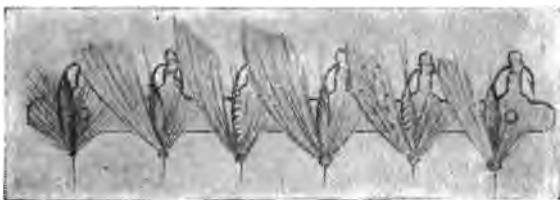


## The Brook

(IN SUMMER.)

The brook in Summer, and the meadow fair,  
The ripple's murmur from its stony bed.  
The deep still pool where wide the willows  
spread,  
Its face unstirred by breath of sultry air,  
Within its depths, the fish suspended there  
On idly moving fins. The mystic thread  
That marks the eddy at the ripple's head.  
The laziness of Summer everywhere.

The richer green where cool the water flows  
'Gainst grass-grown bank, by winding, silent  
way,  
Then gliding where the brookside tangle  
grows,  
Unseen, the silent current steals away  
To hidden depths, that but the muskrat knows,  
While over all the spell of this fair day.



(IN AUTUMN.)

Go seek the brook when Autumn's crystal haze  
Lies o'er the distant wood and silent fields,  
The course, where silently the current steals  
In shrunken volume, through the weedy maze  
Where still the green of early Summer stays,  
Last green that to the touch of Autumn yields  
As o'er the land her mystic spell she wields  
Before the chill approach of Winter days.

Now choked by Summer's tangled growth of  
weeds,  
How noiselessly the water glides away  
By leaf-strewn brink, where twisting channel  
leads  
To silent depths. Then by some hidden way  
Where measuredly, the eddy slow recedes,  
As though 'twere here the water fain would  
stay.



(IN WINTER.)

Hushed was the murmur of the frozen stream  
As by its course we stood, one Winter's day.  
Ice-bound from bank to bank its surface lay,  
But still there filtered through that icy screen  
A half-caught hint of flowing waters green,  
From where they still pursued their prisoned  
way.  
Low o'er the snow-clad fields, the clouds of  
gray,  
Lent somber color to the Winter scene.

The drifted snows above the hidden bank,  
The muskrat's muddied track along the  
shore,  
Where late the meadow grass in masses rank  
Had grown. While careless step of ours no  
more,  
As then in unseen tunneled burrowings, sank,  
For firm, the ice-bound crust, our passage  
bore.



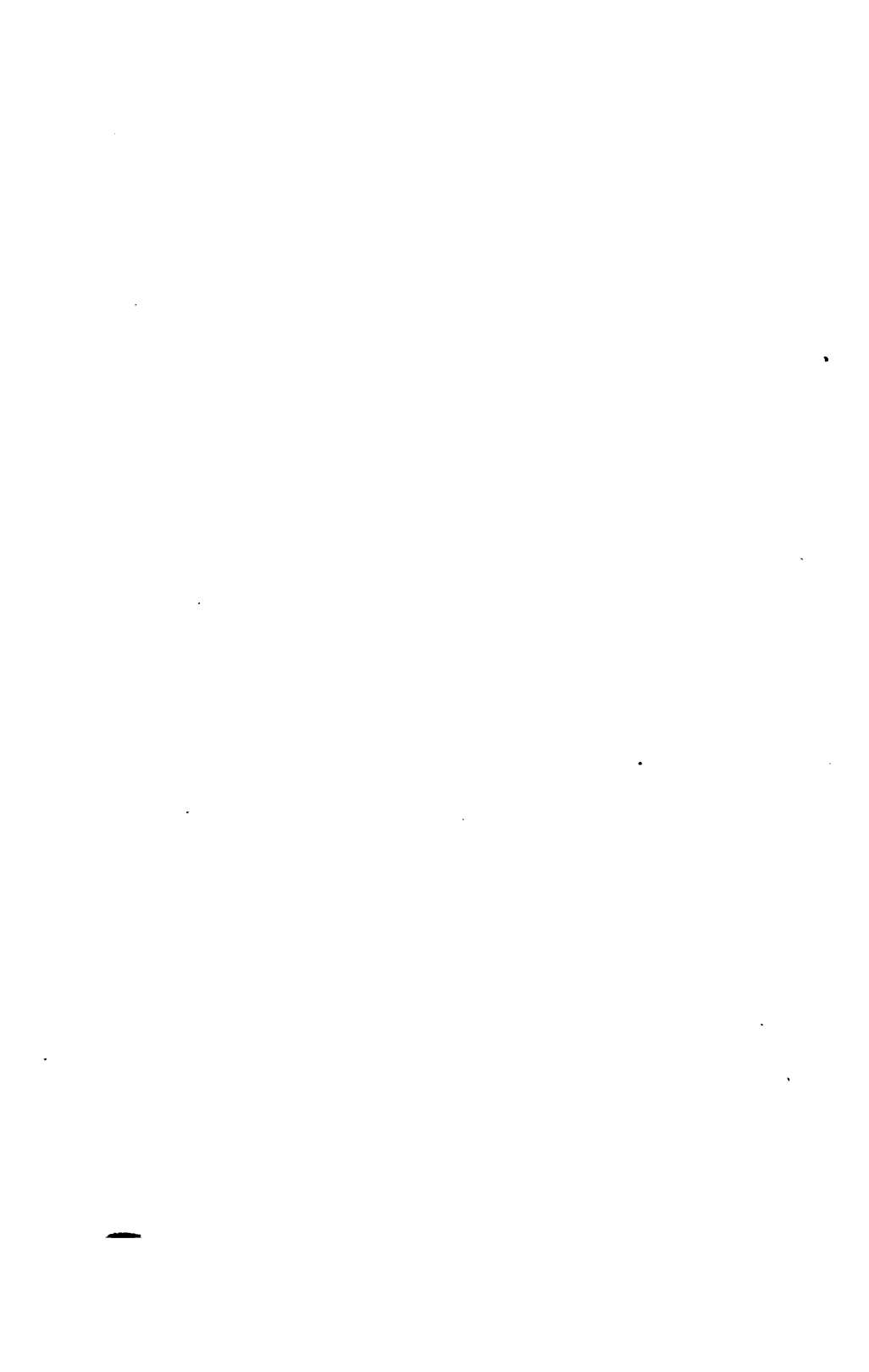
(IN SPRING.)

The swollen, turbid meadow brook of Spring,  
Chill waters laden with the melting snow,  
The twisting eddies and the current's flow,  
In broken ranks, the drifting ice-cakes bring.  
The flood, far o'er the meadow wandering,  
Along its course, in muddied row on row  
The jagged cakes, the lapping waters throw  
Then seize and onward down the current swing.

The crunch and tinkle where the ice-cakes  
grind,  
The voice unceasing, of the swollen stream.  
The lisp and murmur where the waters wind  
Through sodden tangled grass. The far-  
caught gleam  
Of foam-flecked meadow, where now uncon-  
fined,  
The spreading waters claim the lowland  
scene.









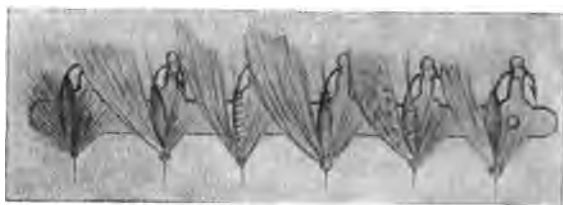
## The Moose

Far in the west, the yellow sun went down,  
Behind the distant hills of darkening gray.  
The wind had ceased and life gave forth no  
sound,  
For over all, the forest-stillness lay.

A crystal lake among the tree-clad hills  
Gave back the last departing golden ray.  
Its waters fed by countless woodland rills  
For ages thus had sped the parting day.

About the shores of this fair northern lake  
A mighty moose, his Summer home had made.  
Here had he turned and found his woodland  
mate,  
With crashing haste, her forest call obeyed.

October's golden haze again spread o'er  
The lake and woodland where the moose had  
dwelt,  
Impatient tramped the beast the forest floor,  
Once more his heart, the wander-spirit felt.



To that far call, his blood in answer burned,  
Then forth to haunts untried, his course he  
laid.

Far toward the south his steps at last were  
turned.

Nor rage, nor fear, instinct alone obeyed.

A hunter deeply learned in forest ways,  
Whose heart had felt the Autumn-spirit's call,  
For miles had trod the woodland's tangled maze,  
For guide, his sense of forest-craft was all.

An unknown, sheltered lake at last he found,  
Back from whose rocky shores, his home he  
made.

His simple tent beside a grassy mound,  
Within, his bed of fragrant boughs, he laid.

Here dwelt the man, till o'er the western wood,  
The hunter's moon, its silver crescent hung.  
Then stirred within his soul, the hunter's mood,  
And o'er his back, his trusty gun, he slung.

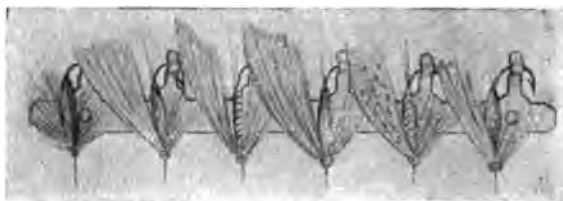


With horn of bark hung ready at his side,  
Swiftly he passed along the lake's dark shore,  
Until a spot he reached, where spreading wide  
A sandy beach, the moon's pale light spread  
o'er.

Here then he paused and raised the birchen horn.  
Then echoed far an uncouth, mournful call,  
Weird melody, by tree and hilltop borne,  
Strange longing note, with plaintive rise and  
fall.

Then with the passing of that long-drawn note  
An added quiet o'er the forest fell,  
No call in answer came, howe'er remote,  
No sound of life, to break the moonlight's spell.

A moment's pause, again the horn he raised,  
Once more, the call the sleeping echoes woke.  
Then from within a distant tangled maze  
An answering call, the forest silence broke.



Far from his northern home the moose had  
strayed

By winding hidden ways, untried before,  
His course still by the mating instinct swayed,  
In silence trod the beast, the forest floor.

When with the coming of that moonlit night  
Unto his ear, was borne the hunter's call,  
His muscles tenser grew, keen for the fight,  
Then for a space was silence over all.

That long-drawn note again its summons sent,  
Then with a roar, his answering challenge  
sped.

Trees, shrubs, all else, before his anger bent,  
Beneath the onrush of that antlered head.

When well adown the mountain's rocky side,  
Caution once more the creature's instinct  
swayed.

His haste withheld, far through the trees de-  
sried

The lake's faint gleam. His onward rush was  
stayed.



Then, as a shadow through the darkened wood,  
Once more the beast resumed his onward way,  
Till well within the tree-lined shore he stood,  
Before him bathed in light the sand beach lay.

No massive shape within the moonlight stood,  
No mate nor rival bull awaited there.  
The black unbroken outline of the wood  
Gave forth no taint upon the chill night air.

Some time in silence stood the listening bull,  
Then sounded, close at hand, a plaintive call.  
Forth on the beach he plunged, huge, masterful,  
With head upraised on massive shoulders tall.

A second thus he stood in waiting mien,  
Then from the nearby copse, a spurt of flame,  
The hunter's rifle sped its yellow gleam,  
True in the woodman's hand its deadly aim.



The mighty beast sore hit, with crashing plunge  
Backward into the forest plowed his way.  
With fiery, stinging pain, each forward lunge,  
He knew that northward only safety lay.

With eyes still true to thread the forest ways,  
On, on, the wounded beast in terror fled.  
Far toward the north, he trod the tangled maze.  
His heaving sides now stained a tawny red.

Throughout that weary, pain-filled, moon-lit  
night,  
The wounded moose kept on his blood-stained  
way.  
His blinding fear no rest allowed his flight  
Until the daylight o'er the forest lay.

Then sank the beast within the forest there,  
A moment's rest before his flight renewed,  
The while, his nostrils test the morning air.  
Then northward once again his flight pursued.





Five weary nights and days of throbbing pain,  
The moose pressed onward toward his haunts  
of old,  
His rests more frequent grown, then on again,  
His blood-shot eye still true, his course to hold.

The wounded beast's pursuit long given o'er,  
To other trails, the hunter's steps had turned.  
To regions tried by such as he before,  
When in their veins, the lust to kill, had  
burned.

The fifth long weary day was nearly done,  
The moose's long flight of pain, was almost  
o'er,  
As sank behind the hills, the yellow sun,  
The beast broke forth upon the lake's cool  
shore.

That hidden, northern lake, by men unknown,  
Where free from hunted fear the moose had  
dwelt,  
Secure within his northland forest home  
Till in his blood, October's call he felt.



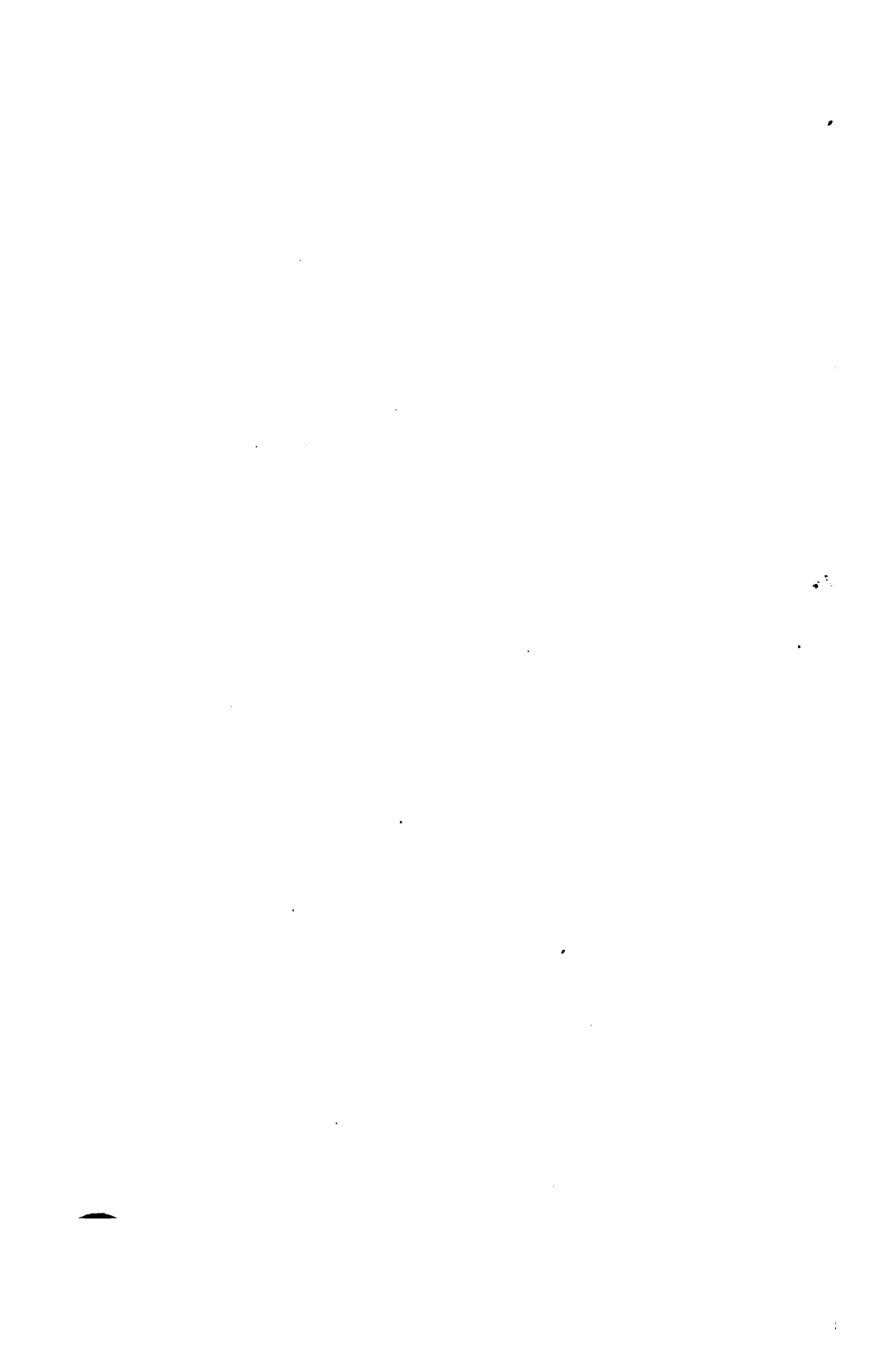
Now wounded sore, again the lake he sought,  
His glazing eyes once more its surface sees,  
Where motionless, in clearest crystal wrought,  
Inverted stand the outlines of the trees.

The beast's huge form upon the lake's dim shore,  
As oft' of old at twilight he had stood,  
With antlered head upraised, his glance sweeps  
o'er  
The waters, to the far shore's darkened wood.

A moment thus he stands, then o'er his frame  
Again the wound's dull throb, its tremors  
spread,  
Then to his knees, the beast sinks once again,  
Down, down, unto the earth, that massive head.

One mighty effort more to rise, he makes,  
Then o'er his form, death's quiet, slowly  
creeps.  
The sun's last ray, that northern lake forsakes,  
As by its shore the fallen monarch sleeps.



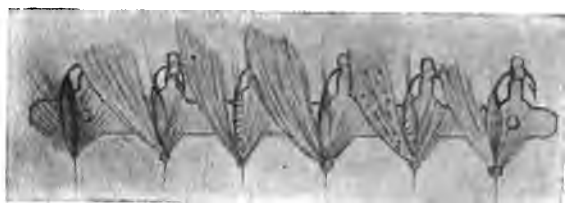




## Winter's Slow Retreat

To one who walks alone in early Spring  
Among the trees where falls a dreary rain,  
By hidden paths where sheltered drifts remain,  
Slow melting snows of Winter, lingering,  
'Midst happier thoughts, some notes of sadness  
ring  
Their measured cadence, leaving in their train  
A sense of sorrow, sorrow fraught with pain  
Soul-felt, that passing, leaves no after-sting.

The leaves in sodden mass beneath the feet,  
No sound the footfall makes, while every-  
where  
The drifting raindrops fall with whispered  
beat,  
With still a feel of snow, within the air,  
A chill that tells of Winter's slow retreat,  
And yet the breath of Spring still greets us  
there.



## Night's Witchery

How often have I lain at night alone  
Within the shadow of some sheltering pine,  
While o'er my head the wind made somber moan  
As through the trees I watched the moon's  
decline.

The wind-swept boughs with spectral tracery  
In ever changing form, against the sky,  
While faintly o'er the wind's wild melody  
I caught some wandering night-bird's far-borne  
cry.

The scudding clouds beyond the swaying trees,  
The open places where the stars gleamed cold,  
On such a night, borne on the freshened breeze,  
The Spirits of the Wind, wild revel hold.

Thus, while the hours of darkness sped away  
Night's witchery upon my spirit lay.



## At Night

(A CONTRAST.)

The blaze of myriad lights adown the city street,  
The rumbled hum of traffic and the tramp of feet,  
The throng, where gem-clad wealth and humble  
beggar meet.

The city's massive structures rising grim and tall,  
The eye-like gleam of windows from each storied  
wall,  
The moon's pale face unwearied watching over  
all.



## Thy Voice

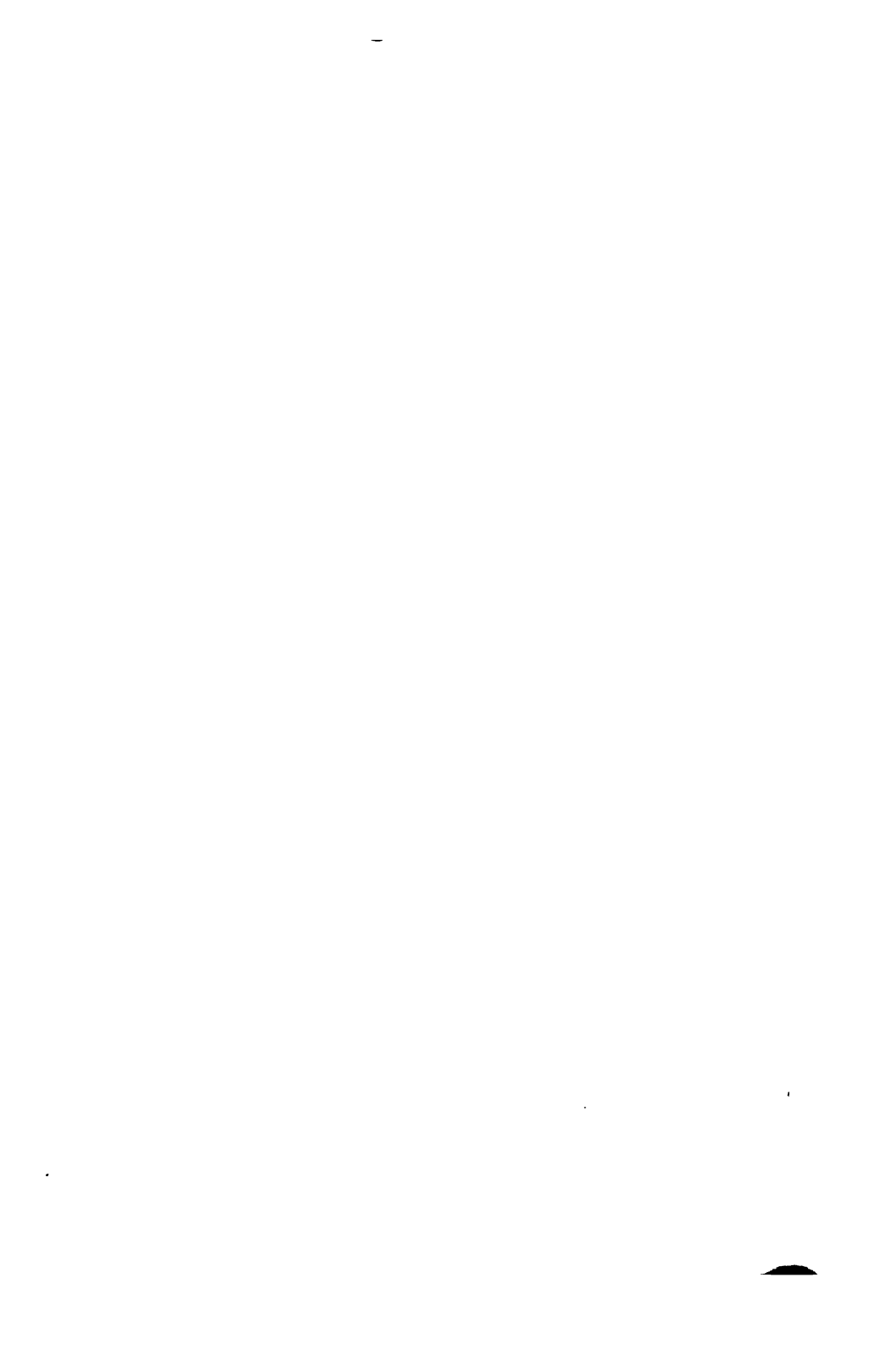
Fair Nature's God, how often have I felt  
Thy Presence, when within the deeper wood  
In listening reverie have I silent stood  
Where but the untamed forest creatures dwelt.

Around me there, the wood's deep silence lay,  
Save where from out the north a wandering  
breeze  
In murmured passage o'er the higher trees  
Gave there Thy Voice, in forest melody.

Or when within some wilder, deep-toned mood  
The harsher winds, the forest branches bend,  
While far abroad, the moaning tree-tops send  
Their storm-flung warnings from the ancient  
wood,

Then have I heard in sterner mood, Thy Voice,  
Upon the sweeping wind, its accent borne.  
The stricken trees before the storm-wind torn,  
Seemed in their cry, to even then rejoice.









### **To Prime's "I Go A-Fishing"**

Would that my humble pen, some tribute rare,  
might pay,  
To thee, well styled the Walton of a later day,  
Who builded here in prose, poetic harmony.

Book of rare fancies! Here within thy volume  
bound  
A charm once felt, then gladdens all life's weary  
round.  
How often have I here, contentment sought, and  
found.



## **“Have You Any Fish?”**

Suggested by the first chapter of Prime's  
“I Go A-FISHING.”

“I go a-fishing,” Peter said.  
Said the rest, “We go with thee.”  
So they journeyed down at the close of day,  
To their boat by the sun-set sea.

For the Master bade them wait Him,  
Till He should appear again,  
So to pass through the waiting hours, once more  
To fish, went those earnest men.

Could I but gather the story  
Of that night in Galilee,  
Such a fisherman's tale would then unfold,  
As there never again will be.

Of the words and truths there spoken,  
The hopes of those fishermen,  
As the night hours passed and they waited there  
Until He should appear again.

*Rhymes of the Stream and Forest.*

As the first pale lights of the morning  
Spread over that waiting sea,  
To the watchers there, rang a voice, sweet toned,  
From the shores of old Galilee.

Those words, oft heard by the fisher  
As the years have rolled away,  
"Have you any fish?" asked the Saviour there,  
In the dawn of that long-gone day.

How often, my brother angler,  
Home returning, wearily,  
Have we heard in greeting, those words of old,  
At the end of some happy day.

And hearing, then in our fancy  
The dawn of that day we see,  
When the Saviour called to His fishermen  
O'er the waters of Galilee.





## The Forest Silence

To one, who far from human-kind has dwelt  
    Within the forest's dim untrodden way,  
And 'round whose soul night's mystery has crept,  
    As o'er the woods the pall of darkness lay,  
To such as he, without whose cabin door  
    Unmoved has stood, while o'er his senses fall  
The death-like silence of the ancient woods,  
    The wonder of that stillness over all.  
Unto his mind there comes an unformed sense  
    Of what Eternity's vast gloom must be,  
Eternity on earth, when life has passed,  
    Vast throbbing life, of air, of land and sea.  
Such silent gloom as once enwrapt the earth  
    In ages past, before life's germ was sent,  
Such silence as in time to come, will be,  
    When from the earth, life's vital force is spent.









## Lord of the Forest

Lord of the Forest! Whose clear voice is heard  
In whispered accents from the murmuring  
pine.

A hint of splendor from whose throne we see  
As from some lake, we watch the sun's decline.

Lord of the Winds, that o'er the forests blow  
From out the Northland's ice-enveloped  
strand.

Or in some gentler mood caress the trees  
When Summer's spell enwraps the forest land.

Lord of the ever-singing Forest Streams,  
Whose murmuring voices chant Thy song of  
praise.

Lord of the tree-bound Lakes, from whose fair  
shores  
The tree-clad hills, their slopes in grandeur  
raise.

Lord of the Life that in the forest dwells,  
That life, unseen, unheard, except by Thee;  
May we who love Thy forest ways, there find  
Full understanding of Thy majesty.



## The Voices

Voices that sigh and murmur  
In accents strange and low,  
Voices, but heard in the forest  
When the northland breezes blow.

Voices that fade and vanish  
With a breath of the freshened air,  
And leave but a hint of their passing,  
To one who listens there.

Voices once heard, ne'er forgotten,  
That in memory ever seem  
As of some whispered presence,  
In the imagery of a dream.



## Newfound Lake—A Memory

The glory of the far-hill's purple haze,  
    Embanked beneath the wonder-tinted sky,  
    Where mass on mass in distant splendor, lie  
The clouds, lit 'by the sun's departing rays.  
While from the lake's far shore, the forest maze  
    Enwraps the rugged hills, to where on high  
    Their rock-faced peaks, the wild-voiced winds,  
        defy,  
When o'er the hills, the forkéd lightning plays.

The shadows lengthen and the daylight fades,  
    The little stars once more, in lustre rare  
Peep forth above the distant forest glades,  
    While borne adown the ever-freshening air  
The chill of night again the soul invades,  
    And darkness spreads its blanket every-  
        where.



## The Forest

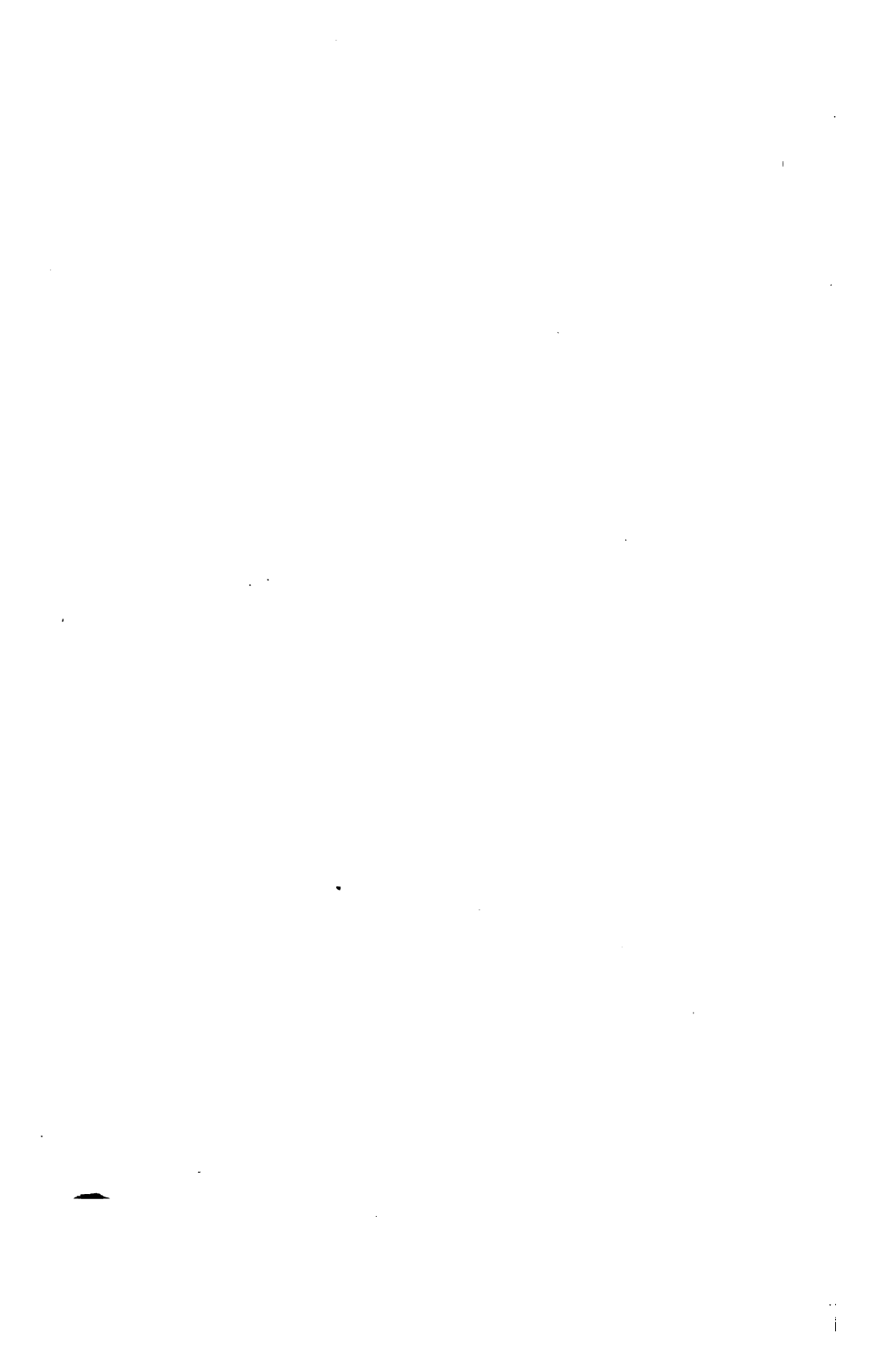
You ask me, why I love the forest,  
    Why, far from traveled ways I love to roam,  
And deep within the shadowed wildwood  
    Make, for a time, my woodland home.

You ask me, why the forest calls me,  
    Why dream I often of its hidden ways ;  
Why, when the cares of life surround me,  
    Before me rise those bygone camping days.

I answer ; Have you known the forest,  
    When, with the breath of peace, it murmurs  
        low?  
Have you, within its shelter lingered,  
    As round about, the far-sent breezes blow ?

Once know, my friend, the rare enchantment  
    That lurks within the shadowed forest old,  
There will you turn again, when weary,  
    To forest-sheltered realms of peace untold.







## The Player

Upon the walls the mystery of the firelight's play,  
Within the blackened hearth, the fairy-like array  
Of flames that for the moment dance, then fade  
away.

And fading, then the shadows gather over all,  
Save for the glow of embers, and the silvery fall  
Of moonlight patches on the rough-hewn cabin  
wall.

And as the shadows deepen and the firelight dies,  
The player bids once more, a strain of music rise,  
More wondrous than the song of birds 'neath  
summer skies.



Then as the strain's enchantment floods the dark-  
ened air  
There flow from out its mystic spell, dim fancies  
rare,  
While ever-changing shadow-forms glide 'round  
us there.

We catch the voice of rivers and the sigh of trees,  
The murmur of the pines where sweeps the forest  
breeze,  
The calls of bird-land and the drowsy hum of  
bees.

A pause, then from the magic strings, a wilder  
strain,  
A moan, as of some coming storm's far-heard  
refrain,  
Commingled with the distant beating of the rain.





Louder and ever louder rings that note of storm,  
The crash of trees, from out their root-bound  
    moorings, torn,  
Now, o'er us, on the wind's wild melody, is  
    borne.

The music changes and we catch the tramp of  
    feet,  
The swing of marshaled hosts adown some dusty  
    street,  
To war-like call of fife, and drum's unwearied  
    beat.

Again the music ceases and the player's bow  
A time is stilled. Then o'er the strings in move-  
    ment slow  
It passes. While, as though in joy, they murmur  
    low.



Spell-bound we listen, while a breath of child-  
hood steals

About the soul. And as the silent player wields  
His wondrous art, unto the spell the spirit yields.

Of childhood and a care-free youth, the music  
tells,

Then to the ear is borne the peal of marriage  
bells,

As sweeter still, the strain's enchantment ever  
swells.

Stronger it grows, built of the height of man-  
hood's prime,

Then falters and in strains of sterner, measured  
time,

A note of sadness breathes a hint of life's decline.

*Rhymes of the Stream and Forest.*

And then a feeble step upon the bedroom stair,  
The drawn, hushed whispers of the watchers  
    waiting there,  
The toll of funeral bell, upon the morning air.

The music ceases and the smouldering embers  
    fade,  
The player rests, his slender bow aside is laid,  
The silent shadows deepen, and each soul invade.





## **At Evening**

A few short hours and daylight vanishes,  
The hush of evening falls and night is come.  
A few fair days, and Summer languishes,  
The Autumn passes and the fields grow dun.

A few glad years of life and love and sorrow,  
The twilight gathers and we stand alone.  
Friendship's circle broken as we wait the morrow,  
Expectant for the call that bids us home.







## And Yet Again

An angler newly wise to ways of fish,  
Had often heard from friends that ancient tale,  
"I hooked another, with a rush and swish  
I lost him, and by George! he was a whale!"

And at such tales, our friend was wont to smile,  
That smile wherein is mixed a grain of doubt.  
"To-morrow, then," quoth he, "I'll fish a while,  
And mark you, sir, I'll land my largest trout."

Back from the sparkling stream he came,  
Refreshed but weary-limbed, at close of day,  
And to inquiring friends, his tale the same,  
The largest fish he'd hooked had got away.



## My Fly-Book

I've a treasure, spotted, stained and worn,  
That I would not change for gold,  
For money would never yield the charm  
That lies in my fly-book old.

For we've listened to many waters  
In days that are now gone by,  
And we often commune together,  
Do my old fly-book and I.

Of things that are known to no other,  
Of streams where the waters sing.  
Of woodlands where, when the south winds blow,  
The bells of the forest ring.

Of the fair face of a forest lake,  
And the trees along the shore,  
Ripples that break from the birch canoe  
As we glide the surface o'er.



*Rhymes of the Stream and Forest.*

Of rising trout and the circles there  
That spread and then die away,  
Of the little stars that o'er the trees  
Rise clear, at the close of day.

For we've wandered far, old book, and found  
That happiness true, that lies  
In singing brooks and the tree-bound lakes  
Where the speckled beauties rise.

We have journeyed so long together  
As the years have rolled away  
May I find you here in my pocket  
When I fish on that last glad day.





## The Old Man's Story

The old man sat in his great arm-chair,  
His fly-book on his knee,  
And we listened all, to the tale he told,  
Of the fish that used to be.

For his eyes were clear, though his hair was  
white,  
And the old fly-book was worn,  
And his thin hand shook as he lifted there  
Those flies with feathers torn.

"'Twas back in the days of long ago  
That I fished that mountain stream,  
And the month was June, and the day was one  
When we anglers fish and dream.

Full many a fish to my creel had come  
From the pools far up the hill,  
Ere I reached the edge of the pasture green  
Where the brook flows deep and still.



You know the pool where the shelving bank  
Hangs wide o'er the willow's root.  
My flies shot clear of the low-hung branch,  
Then sank at the rapid's foot.

Though 'twas years ago that good fish rose,  
To me, as tho' yesterday,  
There comes the glint of his silvery sides  
And the flash of the rising spray.

My line snapped taut and my reel yelled keen,  
As I met that glorious rise,  
And the hook sank deep in the iron-like jaws  
Of that fish of wondrous size.

Then he sped below to the pool's black depths,  
And my trusty rod bent low,  
While my taut line sang through the water clear,  
Like the whirr of the redman's bow.



But at last he turned from his downward rush  
And sped toward the shelving bank,  
Where my line scraped harsh on the willow's  
root  
While the heart within me sank.

But the old line held and the day was won  
For at last that good fish lay  
'Mid the grass and ferns of the pasture bank  
In the light of that fair June day.

The largest fish in my creel that night,  
For he weighed just two pounds four,  
Do you wonder then that in memory oft  
I fight that battle o'er?"

His old eyes closed, for the tale was done,  
And his thoughts on that far-off day  
Of that time long gone and that largest fish  
That failed to get away.







## **Song of the Forest**

I sing from the heart of the throbbing life,  
From the sap within the tree,  
From the hidden flowers 'neath the matted leaves,  
And the south wind blowing free.

I sing from the cool of the shadowed glade,  
When the Summer's sun rides high,  
From the deepened green of the full-grown  
leaves,  
'Neath the heat of the sultry sky.

Once again I sing, when the Autumn winds  
Blow chill o'er the woods of brown,  
And the ripened leaves on the freshened air  
Come silently drifting down.

Then I sing once more, when the drifted snows  
Lie deep in the forests gray  
And the cold white light of the Winter's moon  
Gleams chill at the close of day.



## Parmachenee Belle

An Ibis or a Hackle

Shall I fix on my cast to-day?

Or shall I trust to a Grizzly King,

Or the gold of a Yellow May?

Or pin my faith to a Coachman,

Or a Silver Doctor try?

For the day grows dark as the thickening clouds

Drift low in the sultry sky.

But tucked away in a pocket

Of my fly-book, old and worn,

I've a faded fly of a day gone by,

With its feathers stained and torn.

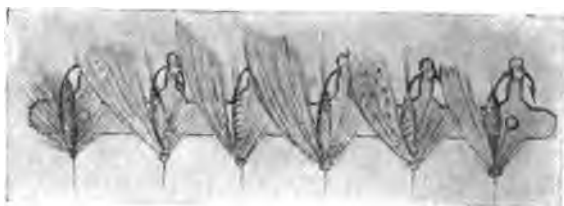


*Rhymes of the Stream and Forest.*

Trusted in many battles  
Under shadowed or sunny skies,  
Never yet has that old fly lost its charm  
When the fish were on the rise.

So looped again on my leader  
Once more let me cast the spell  
Of the yellow and white, and faded red,  
Of the Parmachenee Belle.





## Coming of the Storm

Heat-laden, dull, oppressive was the air,  
The sun's hot face shone with an undimmed  
ray.

The silence of the woods enwrought us there,  
As on the lake's fair shore, we stood that day.

Few were the whispers of a sultry breeze,  
Unmoved, the forest's green beneath it lay,  
All motionless, save where the higher trees  
Its lightest touch, but answered silently.

Clear-cut as though the trees inverted stood  
The far-shore's deep reflection met the eye,  
Each varied color of that distant wood  
The lake's face pictured 'neath that heated sky.

Within the shadow of the distant shore,  
A solitary loon swam lazily.  
That bit of life but emphasized the more  
The solitude of that still summer's day.



In darkened mass, low o'er the western hills,  
Embanked in thickening haze, the storm clouds  
lay.

Their curtain, all the far horizon filled  
With ever-changing mass, in wild array.

Thus while we stood, a greater silence fell,  
A stillness as of death, spread 'round us there.  
Lake, forest, all within that silent spell,  
Hushed were the whispers of the sultry air.

O'er all, a moment thus the silence hung,  
Then borne afar from out the darkened west,  
From where the storm, its gathering shadows  
flung,  
A murmur of its coming, manifest.

A far-heard beating on the forest leaves,  
A sound as of some faintly distant shore,  
Whose beaten sand, the curling wave, receives,  
As from the sea, the ocean breeze sweeps o'er.



With force increasing, onward swept the storm.  
The trees beneath it, cried in wild intone,  
Their swaying tops low by the wild winds borne,  
Swept onward to our ears, its sullen moan.

The first few scattered raindrops reached the lake,  
Their patter heard above the wind's refrain.  
Then, wall-like, followed close within their wake,  
The drenching down-pour of the driven rain.

Then swept o'er lake and wood, the storm's wild  
roar,  
The waters whipped to foam beneath its blow.  
The waves thrown high upon the beaten shore,  
The forest trees before its blast, bent low.

Above the shrieking of the winds, was borne,  
From out the far shore's wild, wind-swept  
lagoon,  
As though some fiend in torment rode the storm,  
The weird, unearthly laughter of the loon.







## The Unknown Lake

A Summer agone we found you  
Walled by the forest old,  
Your crystal waters freshened  
Where the hidden springs gushed cold.

How passed the spell of Autumn  
When the ripened leaves came down,  
And on your sheltered waters  
Built them their rafts of brown?

Now, locked in your ice-formed mantle  
'Neath the gray of the Winter's sky  
Unruffled, unmoved, unseeing,  
Your silent waters lie.

But the Winter days shall lengthen  
And the time of waiting wane,  
And we, who have found and loved you,  
Shall come to our own again.



## At the Trail's End

Mile after mile we have traveled  
By the trail's long winding way,  
'Til deep in the ancient forest  
We rest at the close of day.

Stretched is the roof of canvas,  
Fresh-pulled the balsam boughs,  
While the camp-fire's new-born crackling  
The woodland spirits rouse.

The evening meal is finished,  
Tobacco's spell holds sway,  
And we drowse and speak of the morrow,  
And plan for the coming day.



*Rhymes of the Stream and Forest.*

Hushed is the darkened forest  
    'Neath the spell of the northern night,  
While the shadows dance and vanish  
    With the play of the camp-fire's light.

We drowse, and the spell of the firelight  
    Brings fancies dim and old,  
Peopled with new-found faces,  
    With the charm of some tale untold.

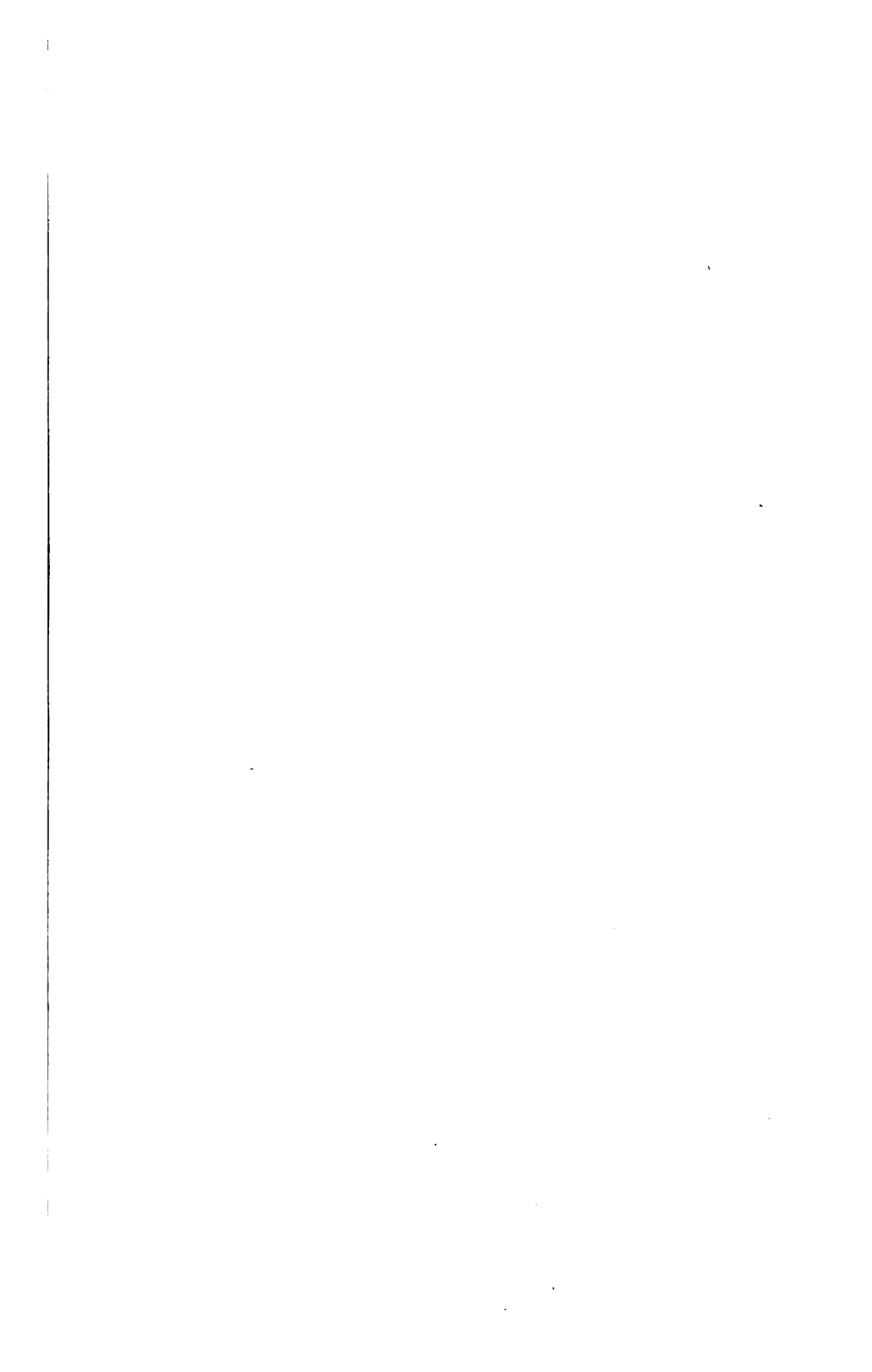
But the fancies change and vanish  
    As the dancing firelight dies,  
And we sleep that rare sleep of the forest  
    Till the winds of the morning rise.





## To Y— Pond

May the trout rise  
And the loons laugh  
From thy crystal waters,  
Till all we who love thee  
Have hit the one great trail  
To the last camping ground.







## Cry of the Loon

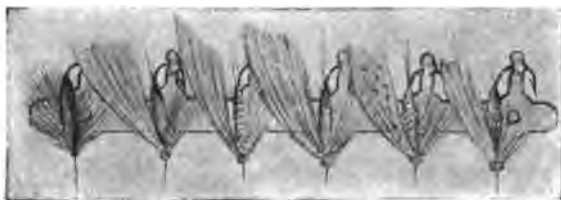
Voice of the lake and forest solitude.

Weird cry that echoes o'er the water's face,  
As though some spirit lost, within this place  
Its cry of anguish, here, again renewed.

Or, ringing o'er the forest's silent spell,  
The loon's wild laughter smites the moveless  
air,  
As though in mockery of my presence, where  
By ancient right, the wild-folk only dwell.

Or when adown the wind there wails the storm,  
And on the wave-tossed lake the loon rides  
free,  
Commingled with that storm-sung melody,  
Again that laughter to my ear is borne.

There comes a time within each passing year  
When, for the North, my soul yearns long-  
ingly,  
Then, heard as in a dream, the loon's weird  
cry,  
Bids me return unto the forests dear.



## Winter Voices

With murmurs low, within this snow-bound dell  
The woodland brook proclaims its ice-bound  
way,  
Soft, tinkling note, as of some distant bell  
Far-heard across the fields, this Winter's day.

Borne clear, upon the biting snow-filled air  
There comes the call of some belated crow  
Whose flight delayed, now seeks the shelter  
where  
Night after night, his dusky comrades go.

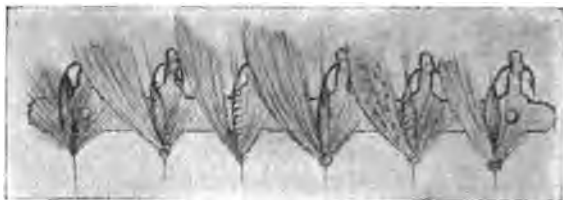
From out the hillside's gray entangled wood  
There comes the clamor of the crested jay.  
Voice of the Past! How often have I stood  
Within thy spell, upon some long-gone day.

*Rhymes of the Stream and Forest.*

At intervals, upon the passing breeze  
Is borne the baying of some tireless hound,  
As eagerly he trails among the trees  
Where passed the fox upon his nightly round.

Such were the voices of that Winter's day,  
Such sounds I heard as 'neath the trees I stood,  
Where branch on branch the frost-king's mantle  
lay  
And muffled were the voices of the wood.





## Wilderness

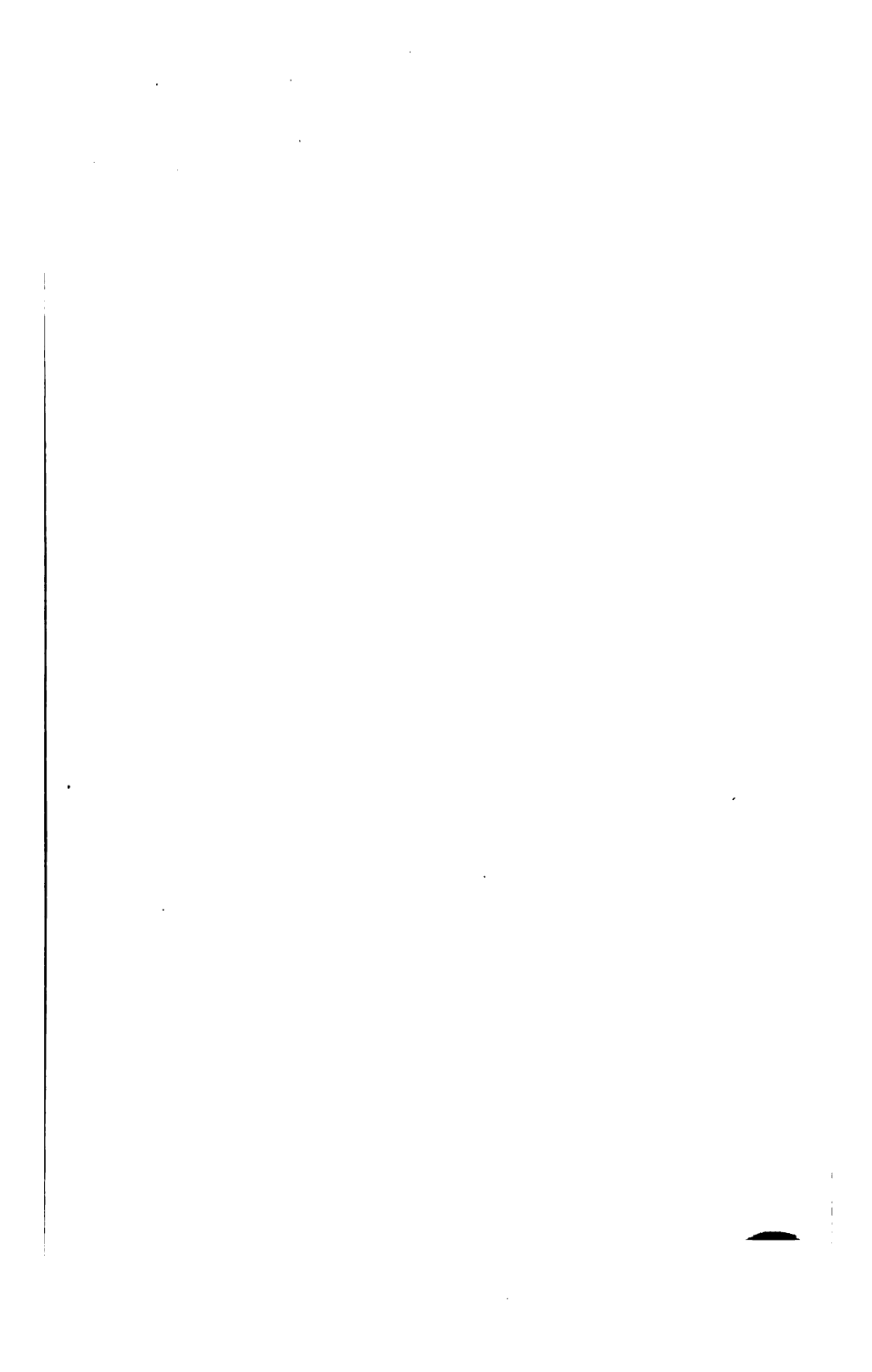
I stood in wonder on that mountain crest,  
For northward stretched the forest's mystery,  
As though in billows tossed, and yet at rest,  
There lay the grandeur of some spell-bound  
sea.

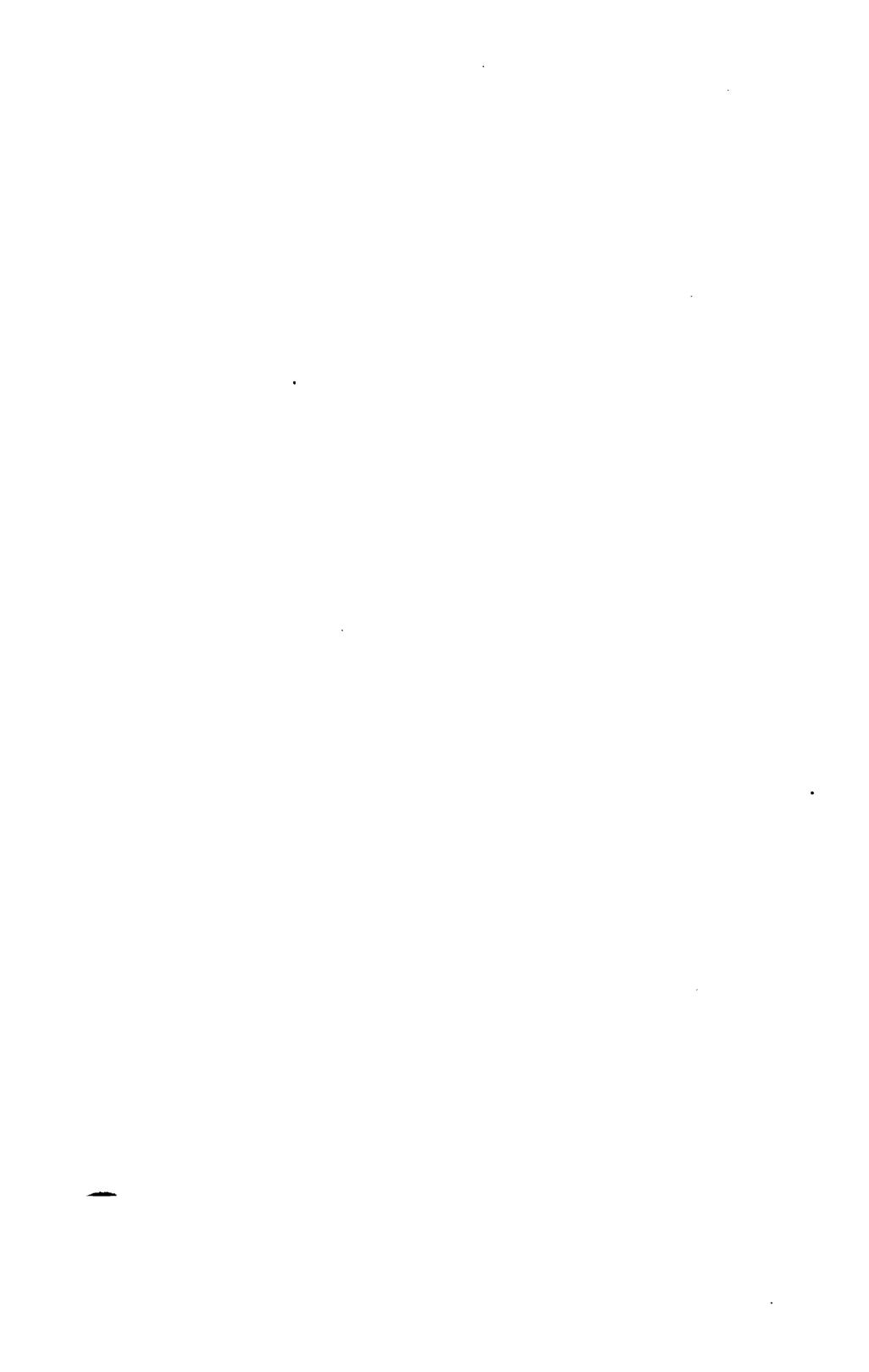
While scattered o'er that waste of forest trees,  
The smiling faces of a myriad lakes  
Laughed, as their waters felt the wandering  
breeze,  
That o'er the woods, its silent passage makes.

Far to the north, enshrined in purple haze,  
A distant mountain range in grandeur lay,  
Its forest-covered sides and tangled maze  
But dimly seen, beneath the sun's clear ray.

Unseen, but heard from where I wondering stood,  
The murmur of some distant water's fall.  
The only voice from out that silent wood,  
The wilderness enchantment over all.









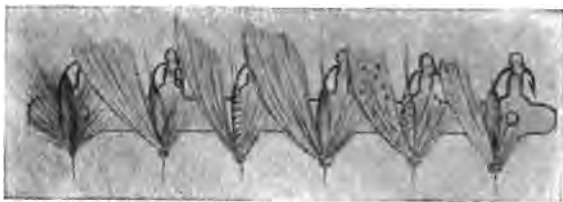
## Somewhere

Somewhere the hungry trout are rising  
On waters 'neath the sunset's fading glow.  
Somewhere the little stars are peeping  
O'er forests where the twilight breezes blow.

Somewhere the ripples on the water  
In silver patches rest, then slowly fade.  
Somewhere the lily-pads are lying  
There close within the far-shore's deeper  
shade.

Somewhere the thirsty deer is wading  
In shallow waters near the darkened shore.  
Somewhere the moose, the lake is seeking,  
His heated sides to splash its coolness o'er.

It's somewhere then I would be going  
When twilight's spell falls 'round the closing  
day.  
To somewhere, lake and forest call me.  
Would that I might that far-sent call obey.



## The Fallen Pine

Within a tangled swamp, the tree we found,  
Its aged trunk moss-grown o'er years decay.  
Part upright still, it stood, part on the ground,  
A fallen giant of a long-gone day.

Then came a vision of that olden time,  
Pictured in fancy there before the eye.  
Once more within the wood, there stood the pine,  
Its twisted top far-flung against the sky.

With massive trunk high o'er the smaller trees,  
A sentinel thus for ages has it stood.  
First warnings felt of every storm-sent breeze  
That swept the branches of that ancient wood.

In Summer, o'er the heat-enveloped glade,  
Those twisted boughs, their varied shadows  
spread.  
Here paused the deer, within their deeper shade,  
At night, here sought he then, his moss-grown  
bed.

*Rhymes of the Stream and Forest.*

When Winter's winds, their icy burdens brought,  
And decked this pine in crystal drapery,  
What beauty here, the snow-king's magic  
wrought  
In untold forms of wondrous tracery.

Such forest music must this tree have known  
When through its boughs, the wandering  
winds have stirred,  
Could but some mighty organ now intone,  
Would hold in raptured spell, all those who  
heard.

Could I but call from out those long-passed days,  
The whispered melody of this lone pine,  
Then to such heights, would I these verses raise,  
That all the world would harken to my rhyme.





## Going Home

Old Northern Hills, once more I'm going home.  
Thy loved and hallowed spots I bid good-bye,  
Where for a time, has been my share to roam  
And know the joys that in thy shadows lie.

For here, old Hills, I've found that welcome rest,  
That rest which 'round the soul new gladness  
throws.

That lifts from off a heart, care-worn, depressed,  
That heavy, long-borne load, one weary knows.

But, for a time, old Hills, once more we part.  
Now fades the murmur of thy crystal streams.  
Within the shadow of thy forest heart,  
No more the welcome of our camp-fire gleams.

If on some last sad day, my share should be,  
To thread no more thy shadowed hidden ways,  
Old Hills, how often then thy mystery  
Would in my heart, thy loved remembrance  
raise.



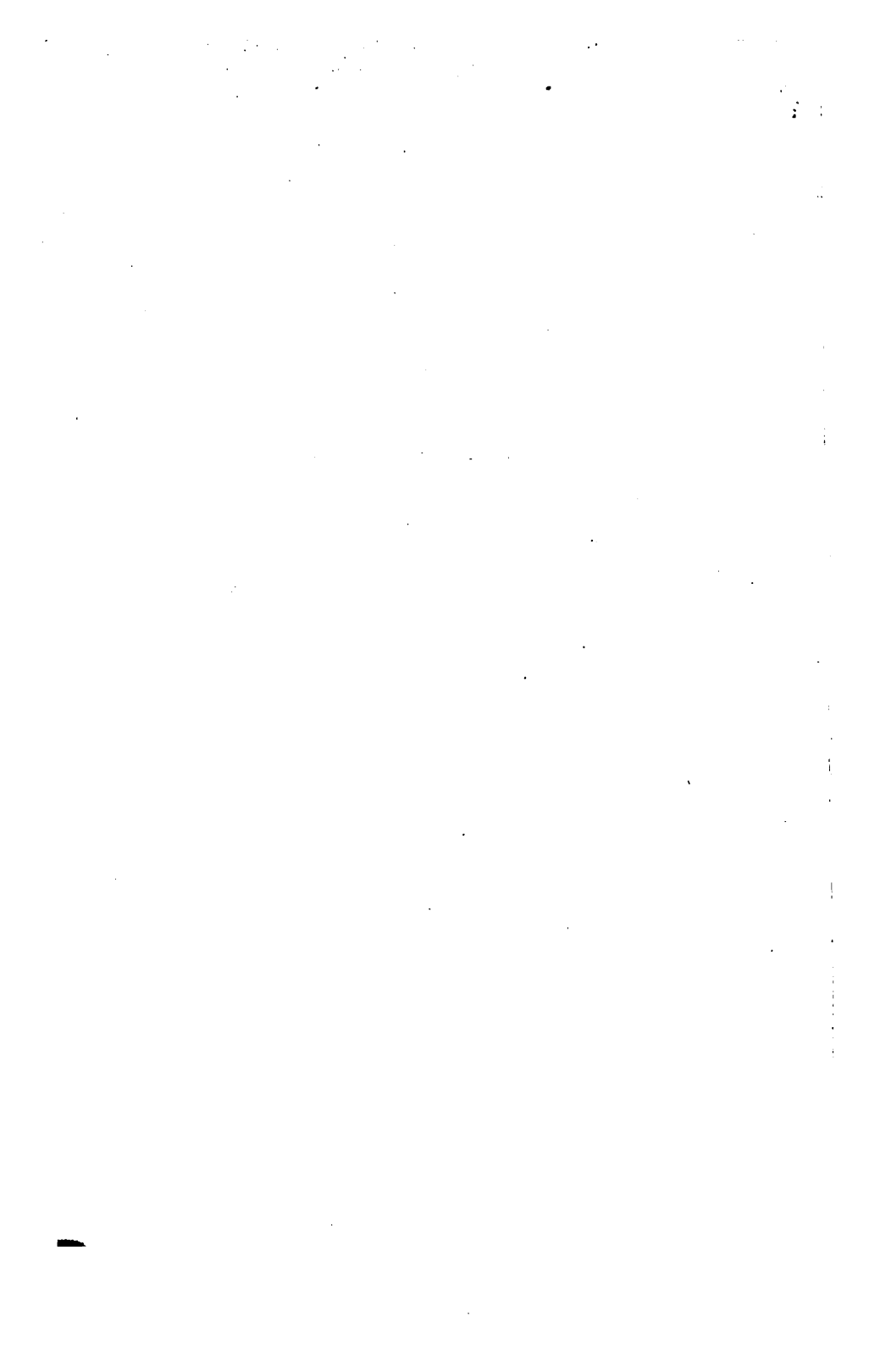














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